

THE MISTLETOE.

BY HARRY CORNWALL.

When winter nights grow long,
And winds without blow out,
We sit in a ring round the warm wood fire,
And listen to stories old,
And we try to look grave (as maids should be)
When the men bring in boughs of the laurel-tree,
Oh! the laurel, the evergreen tree!
The poet have laurels, and why not we?

(Written for the Indianapolis Sentinel.)
META WOODRUF.

By Mrs. Addie Dettch Frank.

CHAPTER III.

When Arthur Braden and Mrs. Woodruff were several years younger than they are now, they had loved each other and were engaged to be married. But Arthur was poor, and as they were both young, he being only five years her senior, they concluded not to get married until he should earn enough to buy a home. Year after year passed by, and yet they were not married, still waiting for a home, until at last Mr. Woodruff asked Lina to be his wife, and, as we already know, she married him for his money. She would not have done this had she known that a few days before she wrote to Arthur his uncle had died, leaving him a large estate.

"I am glad you have come, Arthur; when you are not here time drags along so slowly," Lina said, wearily.

"And I am glad to be with you. Where is your husband?"

"He has gone out for a ride. A little matter of business and an imaginary headache kept me at home."

"Now, Lina, confess. Did you not remain at home because you expected me?"

"Most noble confession, I am guilty. Are you displeased?"

"No, but love you a thousand times more, if it be possible."

"By the way, I have news for you. We sail for America to-morrow."

"So do I. I came here this morning for the purpose of telling you that business calls me home. But you, I suppose, are going for the simple reason that your daughter wants you?"

"No, you are wrong. She wrote several letters—or, rather, the Doctor did—directly after we left home, saying that Meta was very sick."

"How strange that her father did not return home immediately."

"He would have done so, I suppose, had I not destroyed her letters before he read them," she said, with a wicked smile on her lips.

"Great God! Lina, did you have the heart to commit such a crime?"

"Do you think I would allow her to spoil my pleasure? I did not marry both the father and daughter. Yet listen, Arthur, I once asked her for her friendship, but she declined the honor. I humbled myself to her once but will not do so a second time. If I could imitate her handwriting I would yet visit France and Italy."

"What is this Meta like?" he asked inquiringly.

"A girl of seventeen with a pink and white complexion, dark brown eyes and golden hair, beautiful indeed, but ruined by her father. You shall see her one of these days, but be careful of your heart, for it belongs to me."

"It is immaterial to me whether I ever see her or not, as the only woman I can ever love belongs to another," he answered, indifferently.

"You are mistaken, Arthur. In name only, am I his, and I already taste the bonds which unite us; my heart is yours. Arthur, you must never leave me again; I can not live without you."

"Why did you not think of that before you married Mr. Woodruff? Are you not conscious of the wrong you have and are doing him?"

"It is your fault, Arthur, for you ought not to have left the woman you loved to fight the battles of life alone for so many long, weary years."

"How could I help it? I had not a dollar to call my own; how could I support a wife as she should be? I do not believe in men getting married until they have a roof to shelter a wife," said Arthur.

"You are wrong; for with a wife who is willing to work and assist him, there is no man but who can find a way to support a very short time. We were both young, ten years ago; what would have been the difference if we would have had to economize and do without the luxuries of life? Any woman who loved a man as I loved you would not have hesitated in doing this. Oh! Arthur, we have made a great mistake."

"Poor woman, how much happiness you have lost, and how much unhappiness you have caused."

"Lina, my darling, you are right. But it is too late; all happiness is lost to me now. Where is my home, where is the welcome smile of my wife as she comes to meet me, which I have dreamed of so often? And where are the rosy-cheeked little romps, jumping on my knee? Alas! the bubbles have burst—my dream is over. I awake, to find my life, at thirty-five, a wreck. I have always been true to you, Lina, and one thought was ever uppermost in my mind—that of returning to claim you."

"That is all over now; but I will try to make you happy yet. Only remember that you are always to stay near me."

"I could not do otherwise, if I tried; yet, God knows I would not injure Mr. Woodruff for anything the world contains. In the short time I have known him I have formed a great liking for him."

"He is a most generous and warm-hearted man, worthy a happier life than I can make for him. She did not finish her sentence, as the entrance of her husband interrupted her. He was very much surprised, yet very glad to see his wife both looking and feeling better."

"I hope you have enjoyed yourself, Lina, with Mr. Braden?"

"I certainly have. We have so much to talk about, and it seems that our supply is inexhaustible. Am I not right, Arthur?"

"Will delect never die out? No; as long as the world stands it will exist. How few of us there are—in fact, I do not believe there is any one of us who does not practice it more or less. I think everyone, if he or she would have friends and be a friend to everyone, must be desirous to a certain extent, not as Lina Woodruff was."

"We have known each other ever since we were children. Your wife is right in saying that our supply of knowledge of our troubles

and pleasures of days gone by seem never to be exhausted."

"Then I dare say she has already informed you of my intention of starting for home to-morrow?"

"Yes, and I was glad to hear it, as I am compelled to go myself, and as a matter of course it will be much more pleasant to travel with good company than alone."

"Will it be necessary for you to remain in New York long, Arthur?" Lina asked.

"Only long enough to sign a deed to a piece of property I am going to sell, and see that my other affairs are all right, which will take me several hours."

"You will wait for him, Clive? A few hours sooner or later can make no difference."

"Certainly we will wait for him. I can not do too much for a friend of yours."

Soon after this Arthur took his leave, promising to see them again in the evening. We will now leave the bride and groom of four weeks to pack their trunks and prepare to return to America—dear old America, the home of the brave and the free!

CHAPTER IV.

Two weeks have elapsed since Meta received her father's last letter. She has received two from Eugene—such tender, loving letters, so full of sympathy and hope for their future happiness. She is now able to walk around with a little help from Gertrude or Flo. But how changed she is! Her hair is cut close to her head, and she is a mere shadow of her former self.

To day she looks almost like a vision, dressed in a white wrapper, with a bunch of blue forget-me-nots at her throat. On her finger sparkled a beautiful diamond ring, a present from Eugene. It is evening; she has thrown a scarlet shawl around her shoulders and is sitting on the porch alone, watching the sunset. She thought she heard the sound of carriage wheels coming up the gravel drive. Who could it be? The Doctor, of course. As the carriage stopped at the door a man jumped out, whom she recognized at once.

"Oh, papa! papa!" she exclaimed, staggering towards him, and would have fallen had he not rushed to her in time to catch her in his strong arms. He did not think of his wife then—how could he? As this strong man noticed the change in his darling, the great tears rolled down his cheeks, and he was not conscious of anything except that he held her once more to his breast. They need not tell him of how ill she has been, her looks tell enough. He carried her into the drawing room, and gently placed her on a lounge, as if afraid the least jar would injure her.

Arthur and Lina were on the porch waiting to be welcomed by the master of Woodruff Hall. At length he remembered, and feeling ashamed of his negligence, hastened to his wife and her guest.

"Forgive my negligence, Lina; welcome home, dear wife, and you, too, Mr. Braden. I hope will consider this your home as long as your business will allow you to remain with us. Ah, Gertrude, I am glad to see you. My wife, Miss Harris, and our friend Mr. Braden."

Mrs. Woodruff bowed coldly in recognition of this introduction, while Mr. Braden took Gertrude's hand and shook it warmly as if he liked her at first sight and wanted her for a friend. Passing on into the drawing-room where Meta lay, Mr. Woodruff led them up to her. Poor girl, how was she to live through that trying ordeal?

"Meta, my darling, here is some one else waiting to receive your welcome."

"So I see. Mrs. Woodruff, I can say nothing except that my father's wife can not be otherwise than welcome to his home."

"Thank you, Miss Meta. Allow me to introduce to you my friend Mr. Braden."

"Miss Woodruff, I am most happy in having the pleasure of meeting one whom I have heard so much about. As he has extended his hand she gave him hers very reluctantly. Lina noticed this and resolved to punish her for it.

"Now, my darling, tell me why you did not write to me, or have some one to write in your place," said Mr. Woodruff as he took her thin, white hands in his own broad palms.

"For three weeks I was not conscious of anything. It was only when we received your last letter that Dr. Grey informed me that he had written several letters to you, but had not received an answer to either of them."

"It is strange, indeed, that I did not receive them. Of course they must have been lost," said Mr. Woodruff, with astonishment.

"At this point of the conversation Mrs. Woodruff asked to be shown her room, as she was tired and worn out. Arthur also pleaded fatigue, and went to his room. Mr. Woodruff very readily complied with their request, and all three ascended the broad stairway arm-in-arm, the true husband and his false wife, the unhappy lover and his lost love."

"Lina, we will dispose of Mr. Braden first. Here we are, Braden. Remember if there is anything you want ring for it." Then he led his wife to the other end of the long hall to the rooms which were once Meta's mother's, and which had not been occupied since her death. The first they entered was a large, airy sitting room, large, elegantly furnished with velvet carpet, large, easy, crimson chairs, lace curtains, and a lounge standing near the window. Above the mantle hung Meta's portrait, painted when she was a small child. How beautiful she is; her little bare feet peep out from underneath her embroidered skirt, her shoulders and arms bare. In this room everything is perfect. Drawing aside the curtains from the arch which separates this room from the next, she stepped into a bed-room hung in crimson and gold. These rooms could not fail to satisfy the taste of the most refined lady.

"How do you like your rooms, Lina?" asked Mr. Woodruff.

"They could not please me more," she answered, seating herself in an easy chair.

"Yes, I can not rest until I know that Meta is waiting for nothing. Poor child, how changed she is! Supper will be ready soon; I will return for you," and he left her to go to his daughter.

Mean while Meta has been telling Gertrude of all her sorrow, grief and trouble, and was crying bitterly when her father entered the room.

"Why are you crying, my darling? Are you sorry that I have returned home?"

"Oh papa! how can you be so cruel, when you know that I am never happy when you are out of my sight; but, papa, answer me this one question: are you happy with her?"

"Why should I not be? She does everything in her power to make me so; and Meta, I hope you will treat her as you would your own mother and you will soon learn to love her very dearly. Do this for my sake," he said, pleadingly.

"Papa, I will not tell you a falsehood; as I said before, I almost hate her; she is your wife and mistress of your home, but she can never be more to me than she is now. For the last three years, I have been housekeeper here, but now I am compelled to relinquish this office; here are the keys."

"There is no time like the present, for we know not what the morrow may bring forth," she answered sadly, with large tears in her eyes.

"Then, Meta, give them to Lina yourself; they are hers now, not mine."

"You know, papa, I love you; for you are papa, mamma and everything else to me

now, yet I can not do as you ask. I will not allow her to read in my face the pain I feel in giving up my mother's place to her."

"Then I suppose I will have to do it myself," he said, taking the keys and placing them in his pocket, and drew a long breath after they were out of sight.

"Can it be that he regrets his marriage? No, not yet; but there was something about it which bothered him; he did not feel at ease with his own daughter."

"Papa, did you meet him—I mean Eugene, in London?" she asked hesitatingly.

"No, I did not have time to think of him. Mr. Braden saw him. Do you correspond with him?"

"Yes; and in his letters he tells me all about his travels, which makes them very interesting. They are now in Paris. You are not angry with him, are you, dear papa?" she asked nestlingly.

"No, yet I would rather you did not write to him; but do as you like. I feel sure of one thing, though—that he will never return to America a single man. Braden saw him at one of the London theaters with a handsome young lady, whom he afterward learned was his cousin. What is the matter, my darling? he asked, as he noticed the sudden pallor of her face and her quivering lips, not conscious that his own words were the cause."

"Nothing, except that it is too warm in here; take me out on the porch where I can get the fresh air," she said with tearful eyes and quivering lips.

He did not allow her to walk, but carried her out and held her in his strong arms until Gertrude wheeled a chair out for her; then placing her in it seated himself on a stool by her side. They were more like lovers than father and daughter, so devoted were they to each other.

Mr. Woodruff had no time to think of his wife then; he had eyes and ears for no one but Meta. She was telling him of her long and tedious fight with the fever, from which she had not yet fully recovered; of how devotedly Gertrude and Dr. Grey had watched over her, nor did she forget to tell him of how kind Flo and the other servants had been. Gertrude had gone to the kitchen to see that everything was in order for tea, for that kind, gentle girl had full charge of the house since she had first entered it. An hour passed rapidly; the bell rang for tea, but Meta and her father did not hear it. Arthur Braden, much improved in appearance and refreshed—thanks to a short nap—was down in the parlor, waiting for the master of the hall to invite him out to tea. But where is Lina? She was dressed and had been waiting sometime for her husband. She felt very angry with him.

"I will go down by myself. Why should I care, am I not mistress here?" She did go down, and on entering the parlor was greatly surprised to find Arthur alone.

"What, all alone, Arthur?"

"Yes, and I must acknowledge that I feel dull, and am glad you have come. But much I have to say, that we will be thrown almost entirely upon our own resources for any enjoyment we may find here."

"You will find that you are mistaken, although I should like it much better."

"You are looking splendid, Lina; come, I must have one kiss."

"Not here, Arthur; the very walls have eyes and ears," she whispered.

"Oh! nonsense, Lina, there—that is right. Where is Clive?"

How unfortunate for Lina Woodruff that Flo saw her enter the parlor, and, quick as thought, flew around to one of the windows, and at that very moment was peeping through the slats of the shutters.

"I am going to find out. I do not mean to put up with this neglect. I intend to be first with him, and teach that daughter of his her place. I will wait for her to come. As she turned to leave the room Mr. Woodruff entered hastily. Gertrude had told him that supper was ready, and Flo came rushing up to him, and in her excitement over what had occurred in the parlor said: "Ole Mason, or 'accuse me sah, I mean one new mistress, and in de parlor waitin' for you."

"Lina, pardon your forgetful husband, and you, too, Mr. Braden, I hope will excuse my neglect," said Mr. Woodruff, greatly embarrassed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPIRIT OF THE STATE PRESS.

Lebanon Pioneer: A notice of reduction of wages was posted in the Greenfield iron and Nail Factory yesterday to take effect at once. High protection ought to have prevented this if protection protects.

Angola Herald: If the office of County Superintendent of Schools is to be made a permanent one, the Kendallville News favors making it an elected office, rather than a school government into the popular political scramble more than it now is.

Lebanon Pioneer: If the United States owes General Grant any money he ought to be paid. Because he is a financial failure the Government ought not to support him in Europe. It is not according to American principles to make a retired list of aristocrats to be kept by the General Government.

Wells County Democrat: The most reliable statistics obtainable by Bradstreet's correspondents in all parts of the country indicate that there are over two millions of laborers now out of employment in this country. What a monstrous waste of the army of our law-makers, who encourage such a condition of things.

Hancock Democrat: There are more idle men in Greenfield to-day than has ever been known in its history. But how could it be otherwise when it is considered that we are at the tail end of a sixteen year rule of the Republican party, whose purpose and practice it was to help the rich and let the poor take care of themselves.

Hancock Democrat: Fashionable young ladies of the East are giving up their pug dogs for the Maltese cat. When a young lady goes shopping she carries her cat under her arm, having a gilt chain fastened to its gold collar. A clipped horse tail on her forehead, a two-foot battle behind and a Maltese cat under her arm, ought to set off an average young lady and help her toward an asylum.

Laporte Argus: The indications point to the election of Charles Jewett to the Speakership of the Indiana House of Representatives. Mr. Jewett is an able and scholarly gentleman, and would prove himself an honor to any position which the Democracy can give him. He is a brilliant representative of the young and progressive Democracy and for these reasons we would like to see him elected to the Speakership.

Attica Ledger: The Kokomo, Burlington and Western Road seems to be an assured fact. James McCarty, contractor for the grading, was in the city last Saturday. He has commenced work at Kokomo and has several miles of grading done, employing upwards of fifty men. Most of the right of way, with several donations, have been secured from Kokomo to Lafayette. Between these two points, in Carroll county, it crosses the Vandavia and Air Line Roads.

Decatur News: William D. H. Hunter, of the Lawrenceburg Register, is a candidate for the Collectorship of this the Sixth District. The Fourth Congressional District should have this appointment, as it pays a majority of all the Internal Revenue tax—in fact pays three fourths of it. We see no good reason why the Collector should be selected from Indianapolis, as is done under the present administration. Dearborn County will present her claims on the fact of paying the taxes, and we see no reason why they are not good grounds on which to base their claims.

son why they are not good grounds on which to base their claims. Doctor Hunter is an old-time Democrat, has been a hard and earnest worker for the party, has the ability to make a number one officer, and we feel sure that if the appointment should be given him he would govern the office satisfactorily.

Evansville Courier: Mr. James G. Carlton, of Bedford, is a candidate for Principal Clerk of the House of Representatives. Mr. Carlton is a capable man, and one of the best Democrats in the State. He has always been a cheerful and valuable worker in the party and if he should win the place, we may be sure he will perform the duties of the office very well.

Bedford Banner: We learn from a beautiful card presented to us containing the names of all the Democratic members of the Indiana House of Representatives, that our fellow-townsmen, James C. Carlton, will be a candidate for Clerk of the House at its ensuing session. Mr. Carlton is a gentleman possessing the business qualifications of a good reader; possesses a strong voice, and is a true Democrat, and would make a first-class officer in that place, and as all know who have served in the Legislature that these qualifications are very important in that office. We hope to see him succeed.

Michigan City Dispatch: Blaine's insolent and slanderous letter withdrawing the libel suit against the Indianapolis Sentinel was so offensive to the Republican Judge that he instructed Blaine's attorneys to strike his letter from their reasons for asking for a dismissal of the action against the Sentinel, so that this ungentlemanly, malicious and calumnious letter should not appear upon the records of the District Court of Indiana. This it would seem ought to take much of the conceit out of Blaine as a letter writer, and indicate to him the contemptibleness of his cowardly attack upon the courts of Indiana.

Crawfordsville Review: The more our Republican neighbors survey the fatal fall only 1,147 feet high, with which the faired fence out Blaine and fenced in Cleveland, the sicker and sadder they are. They must try and acquire a broader sense of Christian resignation. They will find it very chastening when they once get used to it. It was in that very school where the Democratic party became so pure and wise and noble that the people at last decried its elevation to power. When our good friends have humiliated themselves in sackcloth and ashes for fifty or a hundred years, they, too, may at last be deemed worthy to rule again.

Angola Herald: The candidacy of William M. Moss, editor of the Bloomfield Democrat, is announced for Assistant Secretary of the Indiana State Senate, and is receiving many flattering endorsements from the Democracy of Greene County and the party press of the State. If earnest and effective services rendered his party in the publication of a live Democratic paper in a strong Republican county entitles him to special favors and patronage at the hands of his party, we doubt not Mr. Moss is eminently worthy of that distinction. We naturally have a fellow feeling and sympathy with him that leads us to hope that the application of Mr. Moss will have due consideration in the State Senate.

Blinton Banner: Our friend, J. O. Henderson, of the Kokomo Dispatch, is a candidate for Revenue Collector of the Eleventh Indiana Revenue District. We know of no one more worthy of the position than Mr. Henderson. He has been a life-long Democrat and an indomitable worker in the Democratic ranks. For twelve years he has published the Kokomo Dispatch, a strong Republican paper, in the strong Republican county of Howard, and by his ability and courage wielded a power in the interest of Democracy that was equalled by but few journals in the State, and were it not that the unfeeling Democracy of Wells County was asking some recognition of her always reliable ally in the interest of Democracy, by the appointment of one of her citizens, W. A. Gutelius, than whom a better Democrat never breathed, to the same position, we should feel like saying that the splendid abilities of J. O. Henderson should be recognized by appointing him Revenue Collector.

Prickly Ash Bitters is an unfailing specific for all complaints arising from a derangement of the functions of the liver. It purifies the blood and infuses new life into the invalid. Pains in the side, general uneasiness, loss of appetite, headache, bilious attacks, etc., are sure indications that a corrective is needed. Prickly Ash Bitters is especially adapted for these complaints. It arouses a torpid liver to action and restores it to a healthy condition.

"Crotalism" is the name given to a new disease now afflicting the horses and cattle in Iowa and other Western States, where is found growing the wild-pea, or rattle-bone (Crotalaria Sagittalis). Professor M. Stalker, of Ames, Iowa, has been experimenting with the plant on horses, and finds it a virulent poison, affecting the liver, stomach and brain. Many thousands of horses have died, as it is supposed, from eating the plant.

Catarrh is a disease so prevalent and of such a distressing and frequently dangerous nature it is not to be wondered that professed cures are constantly submitted to public notice. The good old remedy, Pond's Extract, tested for forty years of the people's approval, stands, however, pre-eminent as a specific for this complaint. Pond's Extract Catarrh Remedy (75 cents) is especially prepared for acute and sensitive cases. Their Nasal Syringe (25 cents) forms a very efficient mode of application. Procure them from your druggist.

Beets, carrots or other roots may be reduced to a pulp in extreme cases for animals that can not masticate and swallow rough food. Let the roots be boiled, worked through a colander, some wheat flour or oatmeal added, with enough water to bring it to a proper consistency for the animal to eat. A little lard or grease may be added, and mingled with the mass or any other substance that may be suitable.

Charles Wetzel, Main street, Zanesville, O., writes: "My wife has been speedily and perfectly cured of violent cramps in the stomach by the use of Miesher's Herb Bitters. I followed the directions given on the label of the bottle. For cramp colic, dysentery, diarrhea and all diseases of the stomach and bowels, Miesher's Herb Bitters may safely challenge comparison with any remedy in the world. Many of the cures it has effected border on the miraculous."

Experiments with wheat in England prove that when large crops are grown by the application of nitrates of soda or ammonium with mineral manures the soil does not appear to have gained or lost fertility. Nitric acid of the organic matter in the soil may have gone on as usual, but the loss has been made good by the amount of nitrogen stored in the stable and underground roots of the large crops grown.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

UNANIMOUS APPROVAL OF MEDICAL STAFF.

Dr. T. G. Comstock, physician at Good Samaritan Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., says: "For years we have used it in this hospital in dyspepsia and nervous diseases and as a drink during the decline and in the convalescence of lingering fevers. It has the unanimous approval of our medical staff."

R. R. R. Radway's Ready Relief!

The Cheapest and Best Medicine FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD CURES AND PREVENTS

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Inflammation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache,

Diphtheria, Influenza, Difficult Breathing

It was the first and is the only PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Congestion of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or of the glands or organs, by one application.

In From One to Twenty Minutes No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, Rheumatic, Neuralgic, or protracted with disease may follow.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Painful Strain of the Heart, Liver, Spleen, Gout, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Pains in the Chest, Back or Limbs, Bruises, Sprains, Cold Chills and Ague Chills.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

Thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, spasms, Stomach, Headache, Hoarseness, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or relieve from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bit more as a stimulant.

MALARIA, In Its Various Forms, FEVER and AGUE.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Stomach, and other Fevers (called by RADWAY'S READY RELIEF) so quickly as

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty Cents Per Bottle. Sold by all Drug Dealers.

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Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bones and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm your bones sound, without caries, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Great Blood Purifier. FALSE AND TRUE.

We extract from Dr. Radway's "Treatise on Diseases and their Cures," as follows: List of diseases cured by DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

Chronic skin diseases, caries of the bone, humor of the blood, scrofulous diseases, syphilis, gonorrhea, leucorrhoea, chronic or old ulcers, eruptions, rickets, white swelling, scald head, cancer, glandular swellings, nodes, wasting and decay of the body, pimpled skin, blotches, eruptions, dyspepsia, kidney and bladder diseases, chronic rheumatism, and ague, consumption, gravel and calculous deposits, and varieties of the skin complaints to which sometimes are given specific names. In cases where the system has been saturated and mercury has accumulated and become deposited in the bones, joints, etc., caries of the bones, rickets, spinal curvatures, con tortions, white swellings, varicose veins, etc., the Sarsaparillian will resolutely destroy the deposit and exterminate the virus of the disease from the system.

A GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY

Skin diseases, tumors, ulcers and sores of old kind, particularly chronic diseases of the skin are cured with great certainty by a course of DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We mean only cases that have resisted all other treatment.

SCROFULA, Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, within the curative range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

It possesses the same wonderful power in curing the skin diseases, scrofulous diseases, syphilis, gonorrhea, leucorrhoea, chronic or old ulcers, eruptions, rickets, white swelling, scald head, cancer, glandular swellings, nodes, wasting and decay of the body, pimpled skin, blotches, eruptions, dyspepsia, kidney and bladder diseases, chronic rheumatism, and ague, consumption, gravel and calculous deposits, and varieties of the skin complaints to which sometimes are given specific names. In cases where the system has been saturated and mercury has accumulated and become deposited in the bones, joints, etc., caries of the bones, rickets, spinal curvatures, con tortions, white swellings, varicose veins, etc., the Sarsaparillian will resolutely destroy the deposit and exterminate the virus of the disease from the system.

A BOTTLE CONTAINS MORE OF THE ACTIVE PRINCIPLE OF THE MEDICINE THAN ANY OTHER PREPARATION TAKEN IN TEASPOONFUL DOSES, WHILE OTHERS REQUIRE SIX OR SIXTEEN DOSES, ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE. Sold by druggists.

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